

way of the un-
godly shall
perish

No. 33

ING EVENTS

marot (Cap.) Nymroth, Fri.
Sat. Aug. 19. Sand, Sun. Aug.
Sun. Aug. 20. Morden; Mon.
Thurs. Aug. 23. Brandon; Wed.
Edmonton; Sat. Aug. 26. Nipigon;
Mon. Aug. 28. Morris.
Sat. (Captain) H. Gush, Fri. Aug.
24. St. Boniface, Sat. Aug. 25.
Mon. Aug. 27. Brandon; Wed.
28. Cereal; Wed. 29. Chinook;
Youngstown, Thurs. 30. Morris;
Aug. 25-30. Tues. 28. Mon. Aug.

tebewin, Chartist, Captain O.
Aug. 17. Rob. 18. Thurs. 20. Aug.
19. Manitoba, Aug. 20. Aug. 21.
Yester., Aug. 22. Aug. 23.
Aug. 24. Tues. 25. Aug. 26.
Aug. 25. Cupar's m. Aug. 26. Earl
Aug. 27. Duvall.

tebewin, Chartist, Captain W.
Aug. 17. Spur and Share, Lake
Leslie Parkside and Shellback;
Prince Albert; Mervin, 20. Duck
Horn, Tues. Aug. 21. Gordon and
Lake, Aug. 22. Lethbridge, Penticton;
Springwater, Aug. 23. Hague, Fri.
Aug. 24. San-San, Aug. 25. Hurn
Aug. 27. Saskatoon.

t old, old Story is true"
kers together with God,
kers together with God,
ing His purpose,
ing His will.
kers together with God.

"I Surrender All"
ry, send the glory now,
ry, send the glory now,
y power,
y shower,
ry now.

"Love Lifted Me"
ine, Jesus is mine,
a Salvation this!
is mine.
ine, Jesus is mine,
righteousness,
is mine.

broke" or "Come Com-
rades Dear"
aviour, Christ divine,
I know and feel Thee mine
ut a doubt or fear;
ous, longing thirst; I came
make my heart Thy home,
keep me holy here.

ere that I will not give
thee ever with me live—
quering Christ without
y all, this blessed day,
y precious feet I lay,
redeemed from sin.

Pentecostal fame,
have that living flame,
ing where'er I go?
nd soul and shame set free,
lead lost souls to Thee,
conquer every foot?

o just now believe,
eavenly grace receive,
spirit makes me clean,
es the whole of my poor heart,
shall ever from me part,
ord who reigns supreme.

H. Gordon, Age 22, height 5 ft.
blue eyes, dark brown hair, born
earld from 1923. Brother of ...

James Parker, Age 18, height
about 5 ft. 10 in., hair thin & grey,
blue eyes, blue skin, light
layer, also has a ginger
ginger, mustache, beard.
He will be a valuable
canteen with the Salvation
Friend enroute to the
front.

2108 James Park-
ders. Age 18, height
5 ft. 10 in., dark hair,
dark eyes, brown skin, 1924.
Son enroute.

B. Brandt. About 44 years of
medium height, last seen from
Winnipeg. Wife is in operate
Partchere, Scotland. Son enroute
1924. Son enroute.

Victor Haakanson, Age 51,
had house fire, Aug. 1927.
Wife and child long on news

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

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Winnipeg, August 25, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

WHILE THE MEETING WENT ON

The Kitchen Table became an
Altar of Prayer



A sight which gladdened
his heart for many a day

children hindered his trembling footsteps,
but he pushed on. Somebody had told
him that in this town he would find a
Salvation Army Hostel where he would
get food and shelter,—and that hope just
supported him, and no more.

Night had fallen, hot and bothered,
before he found the Hostel, he had missed
the way because of the jumbled directions
he had received. He sank down on the
door-step of the house, weary, exhausted,
starving—worn out.

What a sight he was.
It was a blessing he was
miles from his own home town and so unlikely
to be recognised; his clothing in rags,
and his feet—worse—throb-

bing with a pain that was unbearable:
The door opened, and there stood a
Salvation Army man whose heart was as full
of understanding pity as ever was
the heart of man; he himself had come
by just such a weary way. Scarce feeding
the faltering request of the trembling
lad, for Teddy was not much more than
a boy, he lifted him over the doorstep, and
sat him down in his own little office, and
gazed at him.

But for a moment only, Frank Gush
was not one to waste either words or time. Carrying the fainting boy up to
one of the Hostel cubicles, he found hot
water, and gently bathed those blistered
feet, and then laid the traveller on the
clean bed, and hurried to the kitchen to
get him the just as necessary food.

(Continued on page 2)



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Proverbs 16: 22-33. "A whisperer separateth chief friends." The Great Tempter to evil, and "a user of the brethren," is the source of all such poisonous whispering. He delights in destroying human love and friendship, and finds no easier way of doing this than through a backbiting tongue. Let us beware then of all evil-speaking, and pray that the Spirit of love and truth may help us rather to hide than to make known the faults of others.

Monday, Proverbs 17: 1-14. "A reproach entereth more into a wise man than an hundred stripes into a fool." Have you ever thought that you show your sense or the want of it, by the way you take reproach? Any one can flare up or become sulky. But the wise man or woman so profits by reproach that they never need to be corrected again for the same fault.

Tuesday, Proverbs 17: 15-28. "A merry heart doth good like a medicine." Here is a way in which you can help every one near you, even if you possess little of this world's goods. Be cheerful and even-tempered under all circumstances, and you will do more good than you are aware of.

"Cheerful be, will your burdens lighten, One glad heart will always others brighten."

Wednesday, Proverbs 18: 1-12. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." Is your heart, fearful as you face today's duty and conflict? Here is a beautiful morning prayer for you. "Great God may I not be afraid of what the day may bring. May I hide in Thee, and meet everything calmly and confidently with perfect and joyful trust."

Thursday, Proverbs 18: 13-24. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"Come and rejoice with me. For I have found a Friend, Who knows my heart's deep secret need, Yet loves me without end."

They can never be lonely or hopeless who enjoy the friendship of Jesus. Every need of the heart in which He dwells shall be freely and fully met. Choose Him as your Saviour and Friend, and His love will become a transforming power in your every-day life and character.

Friday, Proverbs 19: 1-16. "He that speaketh lies shall not escape." People are often untruthful to escape disgrace or punishment, but they are generally found out later, if not at once. Then they have the same difficulty to face, with the addition of a reputation for untruthfulness. Guard your lips always from the beginnings of deceit and untruthfulness, and so save yourself future sorrow and disgrace. Ask God to give you a heart hatred of all forms of untruth.

Saturday, Proverbs 19: 17-29. "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied." God gives to all His obedient children deep, abiding peace and satisfaction. Troubles and trials do come, but His love and friendship give a rest of heart when nothing can destroy.

"The Love of God encircling like a rainbow,

The many colored bow of His sweet will:

Thus moving, so encircled, ever onward, The life is safe, and beautiful and still!"

A poorly clad man stood irresolutely in the wintry wind on a busy street corner, says Commissioner Brengle. As I passed him I tapped him on the shoulder and said, "God bless you." I looked back, and his plain face lit up as though a burst of sunlight had fallen upon it.

**The Centenary Call
1829 Campaign 1929**

The Story of "Great Stone Face"

"For God hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." - 2 Cor. 4: 6.

HAVE you ever heard the story of the boy who lived in a great valley where the mountain cliff had been so shaped by the chisel of nature that at one aspect it precisely resembled the features of a man? It was a face all noble, with an expression at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart that embraced all mankind in its affection and had room for more.

The boy, whose name was Ernest, used to gaze very lovingly on this strange appearance, and long for the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy that promised that some day the valley would produce a man who should be the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, would bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

And so the years rolled on, and that great benignant face was Ernest's only teacher, and the sentiment expressed in it enlarged the young man's heart and filled it with a wider and deeper sympathy than other hearts.

"He Will Come"

Now and again it was rumoured that the man of the prophecy had appeared, but Ernest could never recognise the familiar features in the men for whom the claim was made; but though he was disappointed, his heart still whispered, as if it were the Great Stone Face speaking, "Fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years passed tranquilly away, and gradually Ernest became known amongst the people of the valley for his kindness and wisdom. Not a day passed but the world was better because this man, humble as he was, had lived.

Then, news of his wisdom spread to places beyond the confines of his valley home, and wise men came from far and near to have speech with this man who held a finer wisdom than their own; and as they passed away from him along the valley they would look at the Great Stone Face, and wonder where they had seen a human face like that.

At last there came to visit him one of the world's greatest poets, with insights above those of other men, and as he heard the heavenly wisdom of Ernest as he preached to his people, as he looked on that noble face so full of benevolence, so grand in its expression, he threw his arms aloft, and shouted: "Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw

that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The man of the prophecy had come.

But I can tell you a better story even than this. I knew a man once who was a terrible drunkard, who reeled around the streets of the town nearly always in a drunken condition. His clothes were dirty and torn, and he was smelly with a stench which was almost unbearable. His face was bloated and blotched, his eyes were bleary, his hair ragged and unkempt. He was a dreadful sight.

Eye was Clear and True

Then one day he turned to Jesus Christ, and found His Salvation. He marched the streets of his town as a man. His step grew firm and steady, his eye was clear and true. He became a Salvation Army Soldier, and preached of his Saviour with his comrades at the street corners.

Gradually his face lost its bloated and blotched appearance; his "flesh became as that of a little child," and he was pure and clean in the sight of all men. But that was not the end of the miracle. His very countenance was altered until men remarked upon

his likeness to the saints of old. His hair was of a beautiful auburn colour, and as he stood in the Open-Air Meetings with his cap off, and the sun shining down on him, it seemed, often enough, that he had a halo of glory around him. One day a poor woman of the street said, as he stood around the Meeting: "He looks like Jesus Christ."

So can we also become. When He shall lift up the light of His countenance upon us men and women shall see us and declare that they also have seen the Lord.

Then all the people looked, and saw

One in Him
In Christ there is no east or west,
In Christ there is no north or south,
But one great fellowship of the saints
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts be
Their high communion
His service is the golden chain
Close binding all mankind.

Join hands, then, brothers and sisters
Whate'er your race may be,
Who serve my Father as I do,
Is surely kin to Me.

In Christ now meet both east and west
In Christ meet south and north,
All creatures here enjoin
Throughout the whole wide earth.

It Suited Him

At the close of a Salvatorian meeting the Officer in charge noticed a man who seemed to be desperately drunk. So he said, "Mind your conduct, soldier." "Suits me," said the man. "Do you believe in Jesus?" "Yes, Sir."

"I believe that He's a Gentleman of His word," replied the man.

I need scarcely tell you that he didn't take that man very long to persuade. Anyone who believes that Jesus is a "Gentleman of His word" will step right into Salvation and take the other steps automatically.

The Miracles of Faith

What cannot true prayer accomplish? What has it not accomplished in the past? The Bible records show us, as has been well said, that Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks to gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in its rapid pace, burst open prison gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from Heaven. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea and carried another in a chariot of fire to Heaven.

The Revealer of Sin

The following story reminds us of the foolish attitude which some people are apt to adopt towards the Bible, because it declares plainly the nature of sin and its deadly results.

A native of India was once shown through a microscope, the germs in the water from the Ganges, and was told not to drink that water any more. He did not like the look of the germs wriggling round in the water, so he took a heavy stick and broke the microscope and continued to drink the water.

Which is an illustration for those who are able to receive it.

How's Your Soul?

You meet the average man and take him by the hand and say, "How are you feeling, how is your health, how is business, how is the world treating you?"

That man warms up, appreciates your interest, and regards you as a gentleman.

But you take him by the hand and say, "How is your soul to-day?" and he cuts off edges away hastily and bows low, as if you cut out of the corners of his eyes, as if you had said something terrible.

Yet the health of his soul is of far more importance than that of his body, and some day he'll wish he had said and replied to your question, and the despair of salvation.

There have been countless people in every period who could give explanation for the fact that they tried to serve their generation, Jesus Christ had come to the ages and in winning their hearts the best service of their lives.

He has not cramped them, but filled them with an overplus of life and freedom, and mixed full of life and freedom in a glorious profession. He found His way not an impractical way out of prison.—H. R. L.

August 25, 1928

Your Great

"God an
world call yo
and meet yo
portunity.
**DO IT WIT
MIGHT.**

GOD wants you.
He wants you
your money. He
He wants most of al
One of You!

Will You Obey?
low? Will you fac
calls you to face? within. Face God
"No!" Face Him.

Oh, this everlasting fro like a door on coming up to the porch brink, and then going wilderness! Oh, this being and saying, "I w
I could—I will come back! It has been thousands. Oh, how Kingdom of God! Heaven. And how might have been influence of those called disobedient ones, have less pit!

Too Much

Now, what will obey the call? Will you go over the reason many of that you have got. You have got something take over with you. God calls you to give cut off, and you halt! "Oh, if it were not over! If it were not and follow Him. I this! If I could could only embrace would arise and follow.

Now, then, just as never will become will be until you do sacrifice you do put your foot do embrace that cross.

IT is always a joy to me to bring trophies for God. The splendid efforts. The man who had been a earnest activities of provincial Corps. He thinker and was a sailor in the uniform of a of the British navy. He won one. The trophy made some thrilling stories, the story he delights he found Christ very kind word of a w
Salvation Army.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes gleamed liquid. "I had heard the Salvation Army in entered the Hall. What it, I can't explain. can tell you. The the despair of myself saving and the corn me, I cannot say. spirit of God must. Suddenly something was drawing n

The Vital
I don't recall t
ing I attended
is to the
ever came to me an
you saved? I did
though I could have
out up to do that
these go away, I a
such as you to h
been an infidel and a
had been fight
for fifteen years. No
Camps, and it hurt
Army Officer car
so kindly.

"The Captain left

While the Meeting Went on

(Continued from page 1)

Wearily and painfully Teddy passed the night; his feet ached intolerably, and it only required a very hasty examination on the part of the Hostel Superintendent the next day to see that they had become septic, and that the lad would be a sick individual for days to come. Hospital treatment became necessary, but as soon as Teddy could hobble back to the Hostel, and to Frank Gush, who had become a firm friend, he was back.

The routine of the place went along; meetings in the "Chapel" most every night, but Teddy did not like to go in, for his clothes still stank him. So he sat outside—in the kitchen—where he could hear the song and the testimony.

One evening Frank stole out of the meeting to attend to some "chores" in the kitchen, stole out quietly so that the speaker should not be disturbed, and as he pushed aside the swing door, he saw a sight which gladdened his heart for many a day.

Teddy was there at a Penitent-Form of his own, it was the kitchen table

which stood by the stove, and which was often cluttered up with pots and pans but it had become the Altar of Prayer for the derelict lad. Whatever may have been Frank's errand, it was forgotten in a new duty—that of pointing Teddy to the Saviour.

There he knelt, every movement of his poor feet causing him agony—for they were still bound in bandages, but the agony of his body was overcome in the joy of his soul. The kitchen became a house of deliverance.

We do not like any story of this kind which does not finish happily, and this one pleases us immensely, for Teddy not only found Salvation, he also found physical healing, and he also—eventually—found his way home again. He often says that he does not remember much of the road which brought him to that Hostel, but he does remember the Plate where his sins rolled away—at that kitchen table.

Hold the Torch of Salvation High!

The Centenary Call 1829 Campaign 1929

One in Him

There is no east or west,
no south or north,
no great fellowship of men
throughout the whole world.
But there is one who
is still true hearted, who
is a high command, who
is a strong nation, who
is binding all mankind
and their brothers and
sisters, their race and their
serve My Father and I am
surely kin to Me.

Just now meet both east
and west meet south and
northern souls are one in
the whole world.

It Suited Him

close of a Salvatorian meeting in charge noticed a man who was desperately ill. So he said, "My Father, save to the uttermost." "I believe in Jesus?"

He said, "Yes, Lord." "Then the fact that He's a God of compassion," replied the man.

"I scarcely tell you that I didn't want very long to be saved, but he believes that Jesus is a man of His word" will save righteously and take the other slope.

Miracles of Faith

anot true prayer accomplished? It is not accomplished in the Bible records show us, as well said, that "Prayer has ears, rolled up flowing rivers, rocks to fountains, flames of fire, muzzled lions, vipers and poison-dart-shielded against the wicked, stopped the moon, arrested the sun in pace, burst open prison gates, souls from eternity, conquered devils, commanded legions down from Heaven. Prayer has one man from the bottom of the earth another in a chariot of heaven."

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The health of his soul is far more than that of his body, and my wish he'll wish he had a soul and to your question, answer the Salvation,

have been countless others who could give you a reason for the fact that serve their generation. That Christ had come to the world in winning their hearts, local service of their being, as not cramp the soul with an overdone, but full of life and freedom, have a glorious profusion, but, but prison. —H. R. L.

paid.

Your Great Opportunity

"God and a sinning world call you to rise up and meet your great opportunity. DO IT AND DO IT WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT."

—WILLIAM BOOTH

GOD wants you. He wants your gifts. He wants your influence. He wants your money. He wants all you have, but He wants most of all You! You! Every One of You!

Will You Obey? Will You rise and follow? Will You face whatever it is He calls you to face? Listen to the voice within. Face God and say, "Yes!" or "No!" Face Him.

Oh, this everlasting swinging to and fro like a door on its hinges! Oh, this coming up to the point, coming up to the brink, and then going back again into the wilderness! Oh this listening and thinking and saying, "I would like to—I wish I could—I will do some day and then holding back. It has been the damnation of thousands. Oh, how it has robbed Heaven. And how many thousands who might have been saved through the influence of those called, but unfaithful and disobedient ones, have gone to the bottomless pit!

Too Much Baggage

Now what will you do? Will you obey the call? Will you arise and follow? Will you go over the river of decision? The reason many of you don't go over is that you have got too much baggage. You have got something that you cannot take over with you. There is something God calls you to give up, to lay down, to cut off, and you halt and shrink, and say, "Oh, if it were not for this I would go over." If it were not for this I would rise and follow Him. If I could only face this! If I could only face that! If I could only embrace the other! Then I would arise and follow Him."

Now, then, just face the fact that you never will become what He wants you to be until you do sacrifice that thing—till you do put your foot on that idol, till you do embrace that cross, till you do say in

It is always a joy and an encouragement to faith to hear of the winning of trophies for God through The Army's splendid efforts. The other day we met a man who had been captured through the earnest activities of the Comrades of a provincial Corps. He had been a free-thinker and was a stalwart man clothed in the uniform of a chief petty officer of the British navy. His face was a fearless one. The trophy mentioned can relate some thrilling stories of adventure, but the truth he delights to tell is that of how he found Christ very largely through the kind word of a woman Officer of The Salvation Army.

Yes," he said, with a grave nod, while his eyes gleamed happily at the recollection. "I had heard the singing of The Salvation Army in the streets and had entered the Hall. Why, I, of all men, went in, I can't explain. Oh, I was a case, I can tell you. The despair of everyone, the despair of myself. How it was the singing and the cornet playing got hold of me, I cannot say. But it did. The spirit of God must have been in it all. Certainly something I did not understand was drawing me that night.

The Vital Question

"I don't recollect much about the first meeting I attended, but what I do recollect is to the point. The Corps Officer came to me and said, 'My brother, are you saved?' I did not argue with her, though I could have done so. I was too much up to do that. All I said was, 'Please go away. I am not in a fit state for such as you to talk to me.' I had been an infidel and a blasphemer, and as such had been fighting against religion for fifteen years. Now I wanted to forget things, and it hurt me when that Salvation Army Officer came and spoke to me so kindly.

"The Captain left me and went up to

WILL YOU OBEY?

Embrace the Cross, sacrifice whatever it may be. Say "Lord, I will arise and follow Thee, and I will do so now!"

your inmost soul, "Yes, Lord," to that call, and then rise and follow Him. Will you say it?

Some of you may say, "It is very well for you people who have done it; you crossed and now it is an easy matter for you." But do you think that we have never had any sacrifices to make, or any rivers to cross since that day, never shrunk from crossing them, never doubted God's power to bring us through?

Do not suppose that God does not keep demanding of us fresh sacrifices, and laying upon us fresh crosses. We are not asking you to do what we are not doing, and are not willing to do ourselves.

Infinite Gain

The Devil takes care that we shall not get it all smooth sea when we have once started. Do not suppose it. But we can tell you that whatever the sacrifice may be—however dear the idol may be to your bleeding heart—however much it may cost you to trample it in the dust,

whatever suffering it may seem to involve—the gain will be ten times as much. You will not count it a sacrifice. You will not count it a loss. You will glory as the Apostle did, in having accounted it but dung and dross, that you might win Christ and the excellency, and the glory, and the power, and the usefulness, and the success, and the heavenly fruit which He will give to you. The cost will be as nothing.

The Salvation of Others

But the Devil spreads his great black wing over all that God has in store for you. He hides it from your view, and shows you what you will miss. Now, then, look over his wing, or under it. Look at what you will gain. Think how you will gain deliverance from the controversy which is always going on. Think of the rest that will come into your spirit. Think of the gladness that will fill your soul; the songs of freedom, of deliverance, and power, with which you will go for-



ward to battle for Him. Think of having your tongue loosened to speak His praises. Think of having your heart set at liberty from seeking and fretting about your own, to care and weep over, and love and seek, the Salvation of others.

Think of that and say whether you will not put down this petty, patry, hindrance whether you will not rise and follow Him, now, this very moment.

Embrace the cross; sacrifice whatever it may be. Say, "Lord, I will arise and follow Thee just now."

Refusing to Obey

Will you? Who will? Now, then, to be what? An Officer, perhaps. Well, you will never be happy any more if you hold back—never. You might as well try to be happy in perdition as to be happy in this life while you have that call in your soul and are refusing to obey it.

Does He call you, young man, to leave father and mother, friends and home, and go to a foreign land to try to bring the poor heathen into His Kingdom? If you stay here, you will never be happy—never. You might just as well start at once. You will never have any more peace or rest till you obey the call.

Or the folly? Oh that you would see the supreme foolishness of trying to be happy while you are fighting against God! Oh, that you would get up determined, facing the consequences, and come out just as if Jesus Christ were here in His flesh and were calling for volunteers to go and His witnesses to the ends of the earth—people who will come to Him and say, "Here I am, Lord Jesus, to be Your saint and Your soldier!" You who have been fighting against conviction, you who have been holding back, mocking God, lying to the Holy Ghost, by bringing part of the price here and now end the wretched conflict. Come and give yourself fully to Him! —The Army Mother.

The Time is Short

"The King's Business Requireth Haste"

The William Booth Memorial Training Garrison will open its doors to accepted Candidates on Thursday September 20th; the Centenary Call Session will then begin.

The Salvation Army wants to fill the Garrison with young men and women who desire to live for a great purpose. The Kingdom of God requires haste. The need was never greater.

Every Department of Army Service is calling in pleading tones for Candidates whose souls are ablaze with desire to save the people.

The empty chairs in the Training Garrison, the needs of the Kingdom, the opportunity under the flag for aggressive service, call loudly for immediate action.

Come along with your youth, your buoyancy, and your talent, and consecrate them to Jesus Christ, and help save the world.

Christ for the world; the world for Christ; and you for both.

Apply Now.

Form of Application

LT.-COMMISSIONER CHAS. T. RICH,
317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

My Dear Commissioner:

I desire to offer myself for service as an Officer in The Salvation Army, and will be pleased to have the necessary forms forwarded to me.

Name.....

Address.....

Corps..... Date.....

The Army Lassie and the Infidel

How an Out-and-Out Blasphemer became Out-and-Out for God

By Colonel Wm. Nicholson

the front, where she prayed for my salvation. That prayer broke me up. However, I left the Hall unsaved. I went to a saloon and called for a glass of rum. It was served to me but (and this is very wonderful for me to reflect upon) I could not drink it. If you knew all my record for rum drinking, you would regard this as little short of a miracle, so I left my room on the counter and turned home un-saved.

"It was Saturday night when I next found myself drawn to that Salvation Army Hall, and some testimonies were being given. What a wonderful Meeting to me that was! Those testimonies made a deep impression upon me. Especially one related by the old Color-Sergeant, who was something of a character. 'Before I was saved,' he declared, 'I had four outs and one in. I was out at my elbows and toes and in debt everywhere. But now, glory be to God! I'm out of debt and I've got good boots and a good suit and I'm saved.'

Nearly Broke Down

"That word or two from the old Color-Sergeant made me, a confirmed unbeliever, think more than many sermons would

have done. When they spoke to me in the Prayer-Meeting I said, 'Go away. Don't speak to me' but I was nearly breaking down, and presently, with God's help, walked right from the back of the Hall to the Penitent-Form and it required every bit of the pluck I'd got to do it!

Right to the Point

"Then the little Captain who had prayed for me came to me and said, 'Do you believe in God?' She could not have been more to the point, for though she didn't know it, I had been an out-and-out infidel. I looked up and answered her from my heart, saying, 'Yes.' A pause. 'Do you believe He can save you?' 'Yes.' 'Has He saved you?' It cost me an effort of faith, and how I did it I don't know, but I was able to answer, 'Yes.'

"Then, astonished at himself and the strange things said and done, our comrade strode out alone from The Army Hall. To this day he remembers the dialogue between the devil and his soul.

"There is time for another drink," he said. "No, I will not drink." "Why not—there are some religious people who drink—why not?" "No, I will not drink, I tell you." "Why not?" "God

help me—I will not drink. It has been my downfall." "With Thy help, Lord, I'll live a new life," he cried, knowing that of himself he could not keep away from his besetting.

That night he had a battle royal with the devil in the open country. "I shall never forget it," he says, "How I stood and prayed, saying: 'If You'll make me like those Salvationists I'll serve you, and I'll do all I can to undo the evil I've done to the lads in the navy, and make open confession to the men that there is a God of all, and a Saviour from sin, and I have kept my word,' he said to us gravely.

Knew all the Ropes

"Yes, I was a freethinker. I knew all the ropes and have circulated any amount of infidel literature awaiting me in the mess, and wrote across the package, 'I have got converted at The Salvation Army,' and sent it back. I have never received a single pamphlet or periodical from those who formerly used me as an instrument to spread the influence of infidelity in His Majesty's Service, nor have I received a communication of any kind from them."

It is stirring enough to hear a great crowd sing "Rule Britannia," but Britons never will be slaves if they will only learn to sing "My chair fell off, my heart was free."

It's a World Wide Salvation Army

82 Countries & Colonies - 59 Languages - 14,719 Corps & Outposts - 22,847 Officers & Compts.

A JAPANESE STALWART

How Lt.-Colonel KATARO YABUKI BECAME A FIGHTER FOR GOD

The following from our note book concerns how Lt.-Colonel Kataro Yabuki, Candidates' Secretary and Spiritual Campaigner, met The Army. From the standpoint of service, the Colonel is the second oldest Officer in Japan. To Lt.-Commissioner Yamamoto, who, during pre-Army days, was Yabuki's fellow-student, falls the honour of the greatest length of service as an Officer. It was when he was a medical student that Yabuki met Yamamoto. Little did they dream in those days of the gateway of service that God was opening for them.

They had gone their separate ways and their recollection of each other was becoming a dim memory until one evening, passing along Ginza Street in Tokyo, Yabuki was attracted by an announcement outside the Salvation Army Hall, for the pioneer party had landed and was already establishing itself, and considerable interest was being created in them and the work they were doing. Outside the Hall were some Japanese Comrades inviting their fellow-countrymen to enter. Amongst the Salvationists was Yamamoto.

Could Not Believe His Eyes

At first Yabuki could not believe his eyes, but there could be no mistake about it when he spoke. There was an exchange of greetings, and Yabuki accepted Yamamoto's invitation and went into the Hall, where, little by little, he realised that a power was working in his heart, of which he had been unaware previously. He now knows that it was the Holy Spirit.

When the Leader began the Bible Lesson Yabuki was all attention, and more and more he was moved by what he heard. The story of the raising of Jairus' daughter was the subject. It was related with heartfelt simplicity, and the speaker declared that the hand of Jesus could reach every hand outstretched in appeal.

That night Yabuki stretched out his hand in faith, and was lifted from his doubts and fears and sins. Not only was he saved in that Meeting, but he heard the call to Officership in it. He felt that his hand had been gripped in the Divine Hand, not merely for his own sake, but that he might keep on his feet, and go about doing good, and the way to do this, he felt, was through Salvation Army Officership. All this was settled in his quickly working mind when he was at the Mercy-Seat.

First Publicly-enrolled Soldier

Lt.-Colonel Yabuki scores one, at any rate, over his old time fellow-student and his present Territorial Commander, for he was the first Soldier to be publicly enrolled in Japan, where, so great was the need just then, that he had been accepted as a Cadet even before he became an enrolled Soldier.

Our Comrade had to face a good deal of opposition and even persecution. One Corps he commanded was situated near a Buddhist temple, and many people used to crowd round in Open-Air Meetings with the result that Yabuki, as the Officer in Charge, was sentenced twelve days in Prison for causing an obstruction.

He did not suffer in vain. After he came out of jail there was no further difficulty, and our Comrades there, as elsewhere in Japan, have freedom to march and witness for Christ in the Open-Air.

In all the Lord's work we do well to carry with us Carey's mottoes: "Attempt great things for God, and expect great things from Him," or, better still, let the Holy Spirit be the Worker, for He is the only One who can make us know "the effectual working of His power" (Eph. iii. 7).

Jottings From my Notebook

By Ensign T. Burr, Boys' Boarding School, Anand, India

THE breaking up of school for the summer vacation left us in quietness for a time, though by no means in idleness. I am spending each morning this week in the Out-patient's Department at the hospital at the doctor's side, learning what I can. This first morning, about 8.30 a.m., I found a crowd already around the doctor. He sat at a table with an assistant opposite recording particulars of each case, and translating for the doctor as the examination went on. What a variety of cases there were—many people with chest troubles more or less serious, two children with sore eyes, one of them a baby a few weeks old, an old man of sixty, all skin and bone; being an acute case of T.B., and contrasting with him a Mohammedan in the prime of life of enormous proportions, suffering with pains in all his joints. These and many more occupied the doctor till one o'clock without a break, when the door was closed until three in the afternoon.

One woman's story was that her husband had nine children by his first wife and now she had borne him three but not one of the twelve were living and the husband was angry with this woman because she was not bearing any more. Another case was that of a lad fallen from a tree upon his head, sustaining a fractured skull—a dangerous case—but the people preferred to take him home with some medicine rather than let him remain at the hospital. * * *

I have continued attending at the hospital and each morning there is a group of patients seeking medical aid. The doctor is kept at it for long hours, even his nights being sometimes disturbed for urgent cases. One thing that strikes me is that for every person who comes to the hospital there are ten in the villages needing treatment who do not come, and a missionary Officer with some elementary knowledge of medicine might do much good work in going around the villages. Of those who do come, it is apparent that many of them would have been saved much suffering if they had come sooner. A wound or a sore is allowed to fester and become septic, and what could have been remedied in a day or two may take many days or weeks in healing.

One man offered the doctor a double fee to give him better treatment, think-

ing that with extra money the doctor would do more for him, at which our worthy doctor was greatly incensed, and made it known to all the patients standing around that that was not the Army way; that everyone received the same attention whether they had money or not.

There was one specially sad case of eye trouble—a little boy of four years, his eyes very sore and bloodshot, the sight of one irretrievably gone, the other going the same way; but with the possibility of saving it with proper treatment. A case of sheer neglect, the trouble having gone on for three or four months and now the father is dissatisfied because after two or three days at the hospital the boy is not better.

Some of the cases are X-rayed in order to get a better diagnosis; and I stood by the doctor's side while three or four were being done, a screen being held over the patient's body, which gave a picture of the part being examined. While doing this we happened to touch shoulders and the table at the same time and both of us got a shock from the current which passed through our bodies. We got a surprise, but no hurt. * * *

I have just returned from an adventurous tour into the hills. We were anxious to get away from the heat of Cujerat for a little time during the vacation and Headquarters kindly agreed to this, provided I undertook the annual collecting at three of the hill stations: Khandala, Lonavla and Matheran in the Western Ghats. This enabled us to have some time with our girls who are spending the school vacation at Khandala, Vernon and John especially had a great time together; and it was nice to see how they played; Cathie, of course, enjoyed the visit too. I had a very strenuous time gathering up the pice, which is too long a story to tell here. I think in Matheran alone I must have walked a matter of 60 miles odd, as it is situated on the top of a mountain and I had no other mode of conveyance. People who can afford it, use either rickshaw or horses up there.

An extra responsibility has been given to us on our return to Anand. The Officer in charge of the Training Home, which is close to our School, is away on his home-

IN BELGIUM'S CAPITAL

Some Recent Stories of Work of Mercy

The following is taken from an interesting dispatch to hand from Brigadier Muller, Commander for the Paris Sub-Territory.

"In connection with The Army's Home for young mothers and infants in Brussels, during the last six months, nearly five women and girls and fifty-one children have been received into the Home. The majority of the adults have been helped and placed in work, and a number of children have been adopted or put out to nurse, and a number are still in the Home. Several married couples living apart have been brought together through The Army's influence. Twelve of the little children have been dedicated under The Army Flag, and one of the young women has been enrolled as a Soldier. Several others will ultimately become Salvationists.

A couple in distress recently arrived at the Home. The girl had a baby in arms, and her condition was extremely delicate. She was a certified teacher, and her fiance was a British subject. They had not a penny in the world, but the girl was taken in, and the young man was given the sum of seventy francs in order to rent a room, and sixty-five francs to get his best suit of pawn. Thus encouraged, he found work in an American bank and is doing well. He has paid back the money borrowed, and is saving to get married and prepare a home. Their second baby has been dedicated and the girl is converted. Our comrades hope soon to marry this couple under The Flag.

"A gentleman, working in a government office, came in great distress to our comrades. His only daughter had been caught stealing from the shop where she worked. She already had a child, and he felt that the only hope for his daughter was The Salvation Army. The girl came to us, got converted, and now gives a bright testimony where she now works, and is hoping soon to be enrolled as a Soldier and have her little one dedicated to God. Many girls who have been cast off because of their fault are often reconciled with their parents and return to them with their babies."

land furlough and we have been asked to do some of the lecturing to the Cadets in addition to our work at the School. Teaching is not difficult for me, but time is needed in preparing oneself. My wife is giving me morning lecture over three days a week, while I have five periods with the Cadets per week in Bible and Doctrine.

We have just bidden farewell to two of our neighbors here, Ensign and Mrs. Bear, who have just gone on a land furlough after seven months spent in Gujarat, most of the time in the Arand Hospital, where the Bear has given very valuable help to the patients. He had charge of the X-ray department and the laboratory, beside giving in the operating theatre. He also put in a great deal of time in the hospital as a nurse, notably in the claims of home and of the children. At a farewell Meeting the doctor said, "I feel that I am in your right hand," and then he very graphically quoted this, "Getting-up-in-the-morning by R. L. Stevenson:

"O God, we are starting on a round of life;
We shall meet many irritations,
we shall have to bear,
Help us so to work that,
the end of the day, we shall come out
but Undishonored."

Among

1829
Centenary
Call
Campaign
1929

The Northern Saskatchewan Chariot

AMONG many other places visited recently by the Northern Saskatchewan Chariot were Watrous, Sunny Valley and Kerrobert. From place to place the messengers have travelled and everywhere the people have shown much interest; we believe, have been truly blessed, and have awakened from their sin to a consciousness of their responsibility towards God.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gosling, Divisional Leaders, were at the helm during the Campaign at Watrous, and a number of visitors from neighboring Corps were also with us, among them being Adjutant and Mrs. Johnston from Melfort, Envoy and Mrs. McLean of Saskatoon, Brother O. D. H. and his son Robert from Melfort, Corps Sergeant-Major from Prince Albert, and Sister Olive Blue, of Boundary, Alberta. These visitors, together with the Corps Officers, Captain and Mrs. Blue, and the Soldiers did duty in man service.

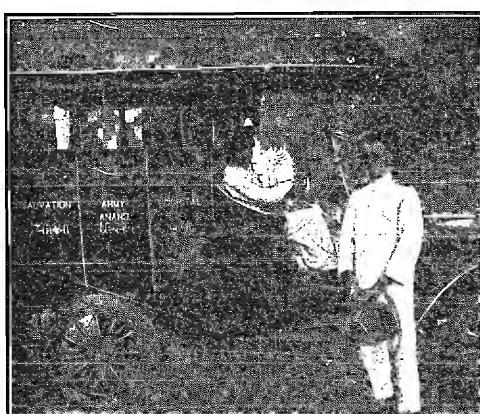
Chairs were taken to the Beach hills were handed out, and everything done to make the visit a success. Preceding the Meetings the Chariot, and Captain Blue, went from Beach to Beach, where the Meetings were announced, and as a consequence large crowds gathered at Beach No. 1. As can be imagined, our joy was full when one young woman knelt an found merey.

Centre of Salvation Activity
Coming upon a little Salvation Army Hall, standing alone on a large plot of ground, one would hardly realize the Salvation life emanating from that same building. Truly God has blessed the efforts of Envoy and Mrs. Hunt at Sunny Valley. It is interesting to know that practically every local social function centres around the Hall, under the supervision of the Envoy. We believe much good resulted from the efforts of the Charioteers at this place. The people were most keen to hear the message.

On Saturday, August 4, we arrived in Kerrobert, where we were welcomed by Lieutenant Murdie, who is holding it alone. She led the night Open-Air Meeting, and it is easy to see that her heart is in the fight. Crowds gathered to listen to the message delivered faithfully, and to the earnest testimonies of the Soldiers of Christ.—L. yee.

The Southern Saskatchewan Chariot

WE ARE certainly touring through a wonderful country. The other evening, from our breakfast-table we could see four towns at once. With this inspiring view we brought out our map, schedule, located the town for the next enterprise, and started off. dinner, we found, was rather a small affair, with the usual hotel, general store, implement warehouse, and very few inhabitants. However, the Chariot was rolled into position in front of the hotel, and we took up a familiar tune on our instruments. Before the playing stopped a crowd of children gathered on the sidewalk, waiting for the Meeting to start. Pied Piper certainly has had nothing to do with them. Here was our audience and choir combined, and directly the children started to sing with all the gusto of youth, down the street we could see storekeeper



A travelling dispensary wheel is doing a good work among the sick of India.



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Among the Homesteads and Villages

1829

Centenary Call Campaign 1929

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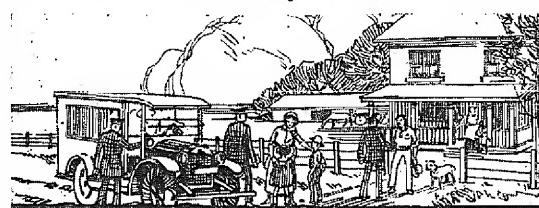
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and housewives on the doorsteps, listening to the singing. So there was our adult congregation, and we soon grasped the opportunity to thrust in some real Gospel shots. But the close of the Meeting, after plenty of singing and talking, was not the end of that episode.

A Friendly Hotel-Keeper

The hotelkeeper's heart was touched and he offered to treat all the youngsters to ice-cream, and the Charioteers to a cool drink of "pop". Naturally, neither offer was refused. After a few friendly words with the man, we left, feeling that at least one soul had been blessed through our efforts, and a deep impression made upon the minds of the children.

We started, true enough, for our next scheduled stopping-place, the town of Wilcox, but our route took us through another small town, Trux, not mentioned on our programme, and of course we stopped on the main street for a Meeting. The children, as usual predominated, and were so anxious to sing and listen, not at all like the adults, who stood aloof, as if ashamed to be seen listening to the Gospel Story. Truly, the Kingdom of God is for the children and the childlike in spirit.

In this town we met the son of an old Salvationist whose father used to be

God asks your best for the Centenary Call Campaign

Sergeant-Major of the Ipswich Corps, in the Old Country. And indeed, we met many such comrades in our travels.

After Many Days

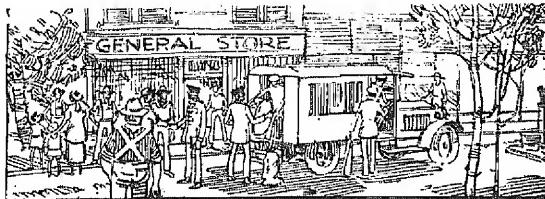
So much for Trux. We hurried on to Wilcox; the roads were soft, muking the chariot chug heavily, and sometimes bringing her to a stop, but, after much perseverance with low gear, we arrived at our destination late in the afternoon. We straightway started a Meeting for the children, and much to our astonishment they knew some of the choruses we started to teach them. Upon enquiry we found that the good seed sown by the Charioteers last year did not all fall on stony ground, but rooted, and is living on in the hearts of the children.

At eight o'clock we were on the streets again, in front of us being the children of the afternoon, their chums, many of their parents, and a crowd of farmers sitting in their ears. After all had been provided with song-sheets we started our Meeting by singing the good old hymn, "Jesus, the Name high over all," to the tune of "Congress". Rousing singing by the children, short and to the point talks by the two Lieutenants, and a message from the Captain reminded the people of their need of a personal Salvation. And so ended another day of Chariot ministry.

Booming the "Crys"

We were up next morning bright and early, having stayed in Wilcox over night.

GENERAL STORE



The Charioteers Continue their Victory-Winning Career in the Highways and By-ways of the West

A good attendance was the result of the visit of the Charioteers to the small town of Strome, where the townsfolk sang heartily, and listened attentively to all that was said. In response to the invitation six seekers stepped forward, and standing before the Chariot platform, gained the victory.

The people of Daysland seemed indifferent to the presence of the Charioteers, until one of the four jumped down from the platform and started the children singing. The music made by the youngsters interested their elders, and quite a number soon gathered around. The four messengers put their best into the Meeting and believed afterwards that some good had been done.

Bawlf is a small town, and a small gathering of townsfolk there listened to the message. Those present, however, made up their lack of numbers by singing heartily, grown-ups and children alike. The children picked up the new choruses and sang lustily, and best of all, four adults and one child raised their hands for prayer, two of these friends being from the Old Men's Home in the town.

The Manitoba Chariot

ON Friday and Saturday we had the pleasure of visiting, distributing "War Crys" and playing and singing to the patients of the Ninette Sanatorium. We are indebted to Dr. Stewart, the Superintendent, for this privilege, and feel sure our visit was much appreciated. We arrived at the hour of the evening meal, and hardly wonder that the patients were enjoying it so much; it certainly looked most appetising. Everyone here has the best of care, and all possible attention, and their praises for the staff are indeed high.

Our Meeting in the town of Ninette was disturbed owing to a severe thunder storm.

The main street of Killarney, our next stopping place, was lined with ours and a very large crowd of people being in town, our Meeting was well attended. We felt God very near, especially as, at the close of the Meeting five raised their hands for prayer.

We enjoyed a splendid Meeting at Cartwright on Sunday morning, when we were in the United Church, which was well filled. Everyone sang heartily, especially the young men; this latter, we are sorry to say, is not of too frequent occurrence.

Found Salvation Before Retiring

Owing to the distance to Boissevaine, our next stop, no afternoon Meeting was held, but we made up for it at night, when we had an exceptionally fine Meeting in Boissevaine, the town park being the scene of our labours. At the close one man sought Christ after a talk to us in the Chariot. A young woman told us that she should have knelt at the drum in Killarney on the previous night, but we rejoiced that she found Salvation before retiring that night. We give God the glory for these victories.

Our crowds at Wavanesa and Franklin were disappointing, and the threatening storm at Minnedosa kept away many. At the latter town we found Sister Mrs. St. John, a good old Salvationist, who is still busy selling "War Crys", in spite of the fact that she is eighty-five years old. It really seems to keep her quite young-looking.

On the road to Newdale we were stuck, but not for long, for a passing commercial traveller, evidently an old hand at

(Continued on page 8)



Colonel Jack Addie.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in

Founder — William Booth
General — Brewster Booth
Canada West and Alaska
International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
817-18 Carlton Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 817-18 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba. For The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

GENERAL ORDERS

HARVEST FESTIVAL, 1928—Staff and Field Officers are requested to note that Harvest Festival Celebrations should be held throughout the Canada West Territory during the month of September. Actual Corps dates will be decided by the Divisional Commander.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RALLY DAY will be observed at all Corps throughout the Territory on Sunday, September 16th.

CHAS. T. RICH.
TERRITORIAL COMDR.

THE GENERAL

It is not surprising that the General found the heat of recent days in the Old Land very trying, in addition to which we regret to say he suffered from an attack of neuritis that proved extremely painful. With the advent of cooler weather, there is good reason for hoping that our Leader's condition will again improve and that this much to be desired advance may be maintained.

The assurances of prayers and sympathy which continue to reach the General and Mrs. Booth are a source of cheer and blessing. Let us unite in praising God for His upholding grace vouchsafed to our beloved Leader during this trying period, as well as in pleading for a complete restoration to health and vigour.

COLONEL "JACK" ADDIE RETIRES

Man who brought The Army to the Land of the Maple Leaf, drops Active Service to Rest in Sunlight of a Well Spent Life

THERE is only one "Jack" Addie—there can never be another. Called and chosen of God to serve his day and generation, beloved by his comrades throughout the length and breadth of the North American continent, twenty times a distinguished guest at the International Centre, the man today—gentle voice, with occasional deepening tones like the distant rumble of war; heart and kind of manner; penetrating and earnest of eye; child-like of mind and mein—bears upon his countenance, for all and sundry chancing thereto, to gaze, the marks of the meek and lowly Christ whom he has served for nearly half a century, and in his body the results of long and arduous warfare in the service of his fellows.

Colonel John C. Addie was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, of staunch Presbyterian parents. Practically brought up by his grandmother, "a guid old Scotch wadna who wadna see her gran son gaeng wrong for want o' juist correction," he early became familiar with many passages of the Bible.

She Made Him Listen

"She wadna lay a hand till him," but when madcap Jock chanced to perform any of his feats of misdemeanor, the old lady would seat the scapsgoat on a stool in the corner, solemnly reach for her Bible, adjust her spectacles and, after careful search, finally point to a certain passage—may be ten verses, maybe twenty—which young Jack would be required to memorize before he should be allowed to stir from his stool.

In course of time young Jack was apprenticed to a draper in Jarrow-on-Tyne, and of an evening, in company with other lad, neither very bad nor very good, he walked the streets in search of amusement. Chancing to notice a crowd of people at the top of a hill one night, their attention was attracted by a great bundle of something being rolled over and over down the hill amid much shouting and hilarious gesticulations of the mob. Prodded by the hands and feet of men, the bundle quickly reached the bottom, where, gathering itself together and springing to its feet, it instantly roared in a stentorian voice, "Hallelujah!"

Now Jack didn't know what Hallelujah meant, and the fact that such a jolly-faced individual should submit with so good grace to such a mauling was subject for amazement, but those brown eyes set in that hoyt-wynded face continued to haunt all his waking hours, and he became curious to know the answer to the puzzle.

One Sunday morning, finding that his church was still in thrall to the goddess Sleep, he took a turn around the streets to while away the time, and by chance came upon what looked like a party of escapees from the nearest asylum. In spite of himself, Jack followed the queer folks to the Hall and soon discovered that he was in a sort of religious meeting. The prayers touched him, the testimonies gripped him, and the Prayer-Meeting found him jumping over the seats in a headlong rush to the Penitent-Form.

Rising from his knees, Jack knew at last what made "Johnny Lawley," wearer of the strange face, so happy, and how he could endure without protest the rough handling of the ungody mob. Jack Addie finally became a Salvation Army Soldier in Jarrow-on-Tyne. The old gentleman, his father, was indignant!

"What had his son to do with a job mean only for God's ministers? Since the maggot had gotten into his head there was no doing anything with him; he must be off to the preaching in the streets every night!" and to get his son away from the objectionable influence, a long-cherished wish was revived, and Jack was sent to Canada, settling in London, Ontario.

The Methodists were holding revival services when he arrived, and that being the nearest approach to the Army that he could find, he at once attached himself to that body, never missing an opportunity to pray and testify. During the meetings he became acquainted with a young man whose soul was likewise burdened for souls, and when the evangelist had departed, these two boys decided to continue the good work by holding cottage meetings "their own."

One night a stranger entered, rose and sang a Salvation Army song. Young Addie was so affected that he almost lost control of the meeting in his eagerness to learn more of the stranger. Finding that he was a real Salvation Army convert, he exclaimed, "Why, you are the fellow I've been trying to find these six months!" "And you," said Joe Ludgate, "are the fellow I've been looking for for six months!"

Jim Cathcart and the rest of the bunch couldn't understand what had come over their friend Addie, and it was finally decided that Jim should go on with the cottage meetings while Jack and the stranger should conduct open-air meetings in the Salvation Army style. Convents were made, and immediately communication was effected with London requesting that Officers be sent to take charge. No Officers could be spared but some poor, old copies of the "War Cry," blue hat-bands and S's were on the way, and they were encouraged to go right ahead, regardless of the necessity of their earning their bread by secular employment during the day.

Thus The Salvation Army Flag was planted on North American soil June 1, 1882, and though fought for step by step through the early years of the invasion of this land, it has never failed to flaunt its Blood and Fire message in the face of the foe, and during the forty-six years of its existence.

Sent to America

Three appointments in Canada were followed by a transfer to the United States of America. Another term in Canada and Major Addie was appointed as Divisional Commander of the Illinois Division. Many important charges followed, and in 1918 Colonel Addie was made Territorial Spiritual Special, touring the country in the interests of the King-dom of God.

Mrs. Addie was also a Salvation Army Soldier of Jarrow-on-Tyne, and in 1883 these two young enthusiasts were united in marriage in London, Canada. Eight children blessed their home.

And now as our comrades approach the consummation of a career unique in the annals of Salvation Army history, we pray that a happy retrospective may lend joy and repose to their days of retirement from active service, and may they rest assured that upon the page of history they have helped to write shall ever be inscribed the name of two gallant Blood and Fire pioneer Officers, Colonel and Mrs. John C. Addie.—M.H.

The Centenary Call Campaign

Recently launched, will continue until July 5th, 1929. Comrades throughout the length and breadth of the Canada West Territory are called upon to unite in intensified Salvation effort—personal dealing, public witnessing, increased activity—in order to celebrate the Centenary of the birth of those great soul-winners, the Founder and the Army Mother.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS VISIT HADLEIGH FARM COLONY

The Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Federal Minister of Agriculture in Great Britain, with Mrs. Motherwell and the Hon. G. M. Hamilton, Saskatchewan Minister of Agriculture, with Mrs. Hamilton, recently visited The Army's Training Farms at Hadleigh, Essex, England. They completed a tour of the farms and were much impressed. The Hon. W. R. Motherwell addressed the boys on their prospects in Canada.

On a recent Wednesday afternoon the Hon. G. H. Ferguson, K.C., B.A., LL.B., President of the Council and Minister of Education, Ontario, and the Hon. W. C. Nixon, Agent-General for Ontario in London, also visited the Farms. They too, spoke highly of the comprehensive training given to boys before their departure overseas. The Hon. G. H. Ferguson spoke to a number of boys.

COMMISSIONER GEO. MITCHELL

Territorial Commander for Sweden in Hospital

For some time Commissioner George Mitchell, in command of Sweden, has been in poor health and we trust to learn, from a recent communication, that his condition necessitates a major operation. The Commissioner is at present in hospital in Stockholm where he has alredy undergone a minor operation to give immediate relief.

Our comrades in the Canada West Territory will join in earnest prayer that the Commissioner may regain health and that his dear wife may graciously be upheld in her hour of anxiety.

Items in Brief

Lack of news concerning the activities of our Territorial Leaders is an indication that they are at present on their annual furlough which, after their many labors of the past months will, without doubt, prove most acceptable. We trust that our Leaders will be benefited by this season of recuperation and return to their work strengthened to meet the many demands which will be made upon them in the near future.

After conducting the Native Congress at Port Essington, B.C., Lt.-Colonel Joy, the Editor-in-Chief, will participate in his furlough at the Pacific Coast. There are doubtless few vocations more exacting and continuous than that of an editor and we wish our comrade, with his family, a refreshing vacation.

We learn from the New York "War Cry" that our erstwhile Canada West comrade, Adjutant Jean Scott, has been successful in passing the post-graduate course taken recently by him at the Wm. Booth Memorial Hospital, Covington, Ky. The graduation exercises, held in the First Baptist Church, were presided over by Judge Richard H. Gray, a jurist of sterling worth and valued friend of The Army. Many congratulations to our comrade.

Major Wm. Oakie, Subscribers Secretary, recently set out from T.A.L. on a two-week trip, in connection with the work of his department, which will take him to the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

A recent caller at Territorial Headquarters was Commandant C. B. Bearchell (R), of New York City, a veteran comrade, who may be remembered by many Canada West old-timers. The Commandant came out of New York, B.C. in 1892 and saw considerable Army service in Eastern Canada, where he was known as the Musical Marv. He has his ability to play a score or more instruments. He has three Officer sons.

An item of interest in connection with the Centenary Session of The Army in London is that Fld.-Major H. H. P. is the first to be received as a Cadet. The Army's first Training Garrison, Hackney, is to have a daughter of the staff for its last Sessions at Clapton. Midway.

A man should never be a man until he has been in the world, which is but saying, in other words, he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

August 25, 1928

COULD those Army friends who have so generously donated gifts to help maintain The Army's Fresh-Air Camps in various centres see something of the joy and happiness which has been brought into the hearts and lives of hundreds of needy mothers and children, they would not have the slightest hesitation in declaring their money wisely and well invested.

The Fresh-Air Camp at Sandy Hook on Lake Winnipeg presents an animated appearance these days. Large crowds of boys and girls from the poorer sections of the city are making the place resound with their happy shouts and laughter, ducking into the lake, playing games and picking flowers. And mothers are there also, finding it the place where tired hearts may sing again and sad souls lose the load. It is a happy, joyous interlude in the drab lives of both children as grown-ups, a time that they will remember and talk about for many a long day.

Sweet and Wholesome Influences

But the Camp is not only a place for physical enjoyment, rest and recreation, useful as all that is for conserving health, it is a centre of spiritual instruction and refreshment also, where the sweet and wholesome influences of religion are brought to bear upon the children. The services conducted at the Camp by various Officers and the Camp staff will undoubtedly have their effect in shaping the characters and moulding the after lives of these future citizens of Canada.

There are perhaps some who may ask if there are children in our Western cities who really need to go to a Fresh Air Camp? The following stories told by Officers who investigated the applications received are a sufficient answer we think.

A certain Corps Officer was investigating cases whose names had been given by neighbors as deserving a holiday at the Army's Fresh Air Camp. One house that the Officer was trying to locate was particularly hard to find. Presently he spied a little lad in rags, clothes, with bare feet, grimy countenance.

The Centenary Call Campaign

"Go for souls and go the worst."

WOMEN'S SOCIAL NOTES

By Brigadier A. Park

WE have been touring in the West visiting various Institutions and centres, with profit and encouragement to those who constantly labor behind the scenes endeavouring to bring happiness and comfort to those in need.

The first point touched at, in company with Mrs. Commissioner Rich, was the Vancouver Hospital, our latest addition to the Grace Hospitals already in existence. What a charming and splendid place this is, and under the direction of Lt.-Colonel Mrs. Payne is a boon to the mothers of the surrounding district. Ever since the opening last October, this place has every day become more popular, and now averages seven births a month.

Many of the Officers were away on furlough which always means that the Hospital runs short-handed, there being more work for the remaining ones to do, but everything was found spick and span as usual, reflecting great credit on the Superintendent.

Fresh and Clean

The Eighth Avenue Home is filled with girls and women, and the Hospital staff, to raise funds for helping to put the hospital grounds in shape. The Band also comes periodically to render sweet music to the patients. For these acts of kindness these comrade officers should receive our grateful thanks.

We wish for the Colonel and his helpers much success in the great responsibility which is theirs in connection with the great and worthy work.

**GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS
HIGH FARM COLONY**

R. Motherwell, Federal Minister of Agriculture in Canada, with the Hon. C. M. Hutchison, Minister of Mrs. Hamilton recently visited the Training Farms at England. They commented on the great work done by the farms and were much impressed on their prospects in

Wednesday night, the Hon. R. G. Bond, LL.B., Minister of Education and the Hon. W. C. Galt, Minister for Ontario, visited the Farms. They highly commended the work of the boys before their departure. The Hon. G. H. Bond, a number of long.

ER GEO. MITCHELL

Commander for Sweden

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in the Canada West in earnest prayer that he may regain health and may graciously be up

in Brief

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Dake, Subscribers Secretariat out from T.H.Q. on a in connection with the department, which will take place of Saskatchewan and

er at Territorial Head- Commandant C. J. Bear- New York City, a veteran may be remembered by the West mid-timers. The come out of Nanaimo, B.C. saw considerable Army in Canada, where he was Musical Marvel from his a score or more instru- three Officer in the

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Where The Waves Lap The Shore

Some Particulars Concerning the Good Work Which The Army's Fresh-Air Camps are Accomplishing on Behalf of Needy Children and Mothers.



Fresh air and fun a-plenty at The

ance and disheveled hair. "Sonny!" he called, "can you tell me where Mrs. R—— lives?"

"Sure thing! Y'butcha," answered the boy, "I lives there." So saying, he led the way up a narrow lane.

"Doesn't the sidewalk burn your feet these hot days, laddie," asked the Officer pitifully.

"Naw, leastways—not much," answered the boy bravely, "but," he continued confidently, encouraged by the Officer's kind voice, "It's sure hot at our 'ouse o' nights."

The boy's face looked pale and wan, but the significance of his statement was better understood when the Officer found that in one small house, consisting of three rooms, twelve children, besides the grown-ups, slept there. Here was a typical case that was deserving of the Army's assistance.

Pathos and Humour

Each applicant for the Camp is required, for hygienic reasons, to have his or her throat examined at the City Hall clinic and the anxiety with which the mothers await the examination of the "swab" is pathetic, and in some cases amusing as the following incident will show:



The picturesque setting of the Camp at Hopkin's Landing, B.C.

The Centenary Call Campaign

"Go for souls and go the worst"

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WE have been touring in the West, visiting various Institutions and centres, with profit and encouragement to those who constantly labor behind the scenes endeavouring to bring happiness and comfort to those in need.

The first point touched at, in company with Mrs. Commissioner Rich, was the Vancouver Hospital, our latest addition to the Grace Hospitals already in existence. What a charming and splendid place this is, and under the direction of Lt.-Colonel Mrs. Payne is a boon to the mothers of Vancouver and surrounding district. Ever since the opening last October, this place has every day become more popular, and now averages seventy births a month.

Many of the Officers were away on furlough, which always means that the Hospital runs short-handed, there being more work for the remaining ones to do; but everything was found spick and span as usual, reflecting great credit on the Superintendent.

Fresh and Clean

The Eighth Avenue Home is filled to capacity with girls and women. Here we found Commandant Dunkley and other helpers working away faithfully under the direction of Lt.-Colonel Payne, applying the needs of those who require better in such an Institution. The winter was busy with his brush, making everything fresh and clean. When finished, the Home should prove a real boon to the occupants.

A splendid programme was given by the Vancouver Citadel Band, assisted by the Hospital staff, to raise funds for helping to put the hospital grounds in shape. The Band also comes periodically to render sweet music to the patients. For all these acts of kindness these comrades have our grateful thanks.

We wish for the Colonel and her helpers, much success in the great responsibility which is theirs in connection with this great and worthy work.

On our way homeward, it was arranged for us to stop off at Banff, there to meet Commandant and Mrs. Muttart and Adjutant Knott of Calgary, and Adjutant McAuley of Regina who were holidaying at this point. A couple of profitable days were spent here. Commandant Muttart was jubilant over the success of the recent collecting at the Stampede.

Adjutant McAuley was also in good spirits over the success of the Lawn Social held just prior to taking a further field. The writer called at both Institutions in Calgary. Adjutant Laycock was very busy in the hospital endeavouring to keep everything working harmoniously during the absence of Adjutant Knott, in spite of the rush caused by frequent visits of the stork. The garden at Calgary Hospital is looking splendid, there being a good prospect of plenty of potatoes and other vegetables for winter. This showed the earnest, hard work of the Officers.

The visit to the Children's Home showed the young lives sheltered there to be both happy and well. The Officers were hard at work renovating and we think Commandant and Mrs. Muttart will find many pleasant surprises in their return from furlough.

The Eventide Home at Gleichen was not forgotten. Commandant Riccelli is happy taking care of her aged ladies. It is very pathetic to see these dear old people, some crippled with rheumatism, others very feeble, yet trying to do some kind of sewing to fill up the hours. One

of these families having been deserted by a heartless father some time ago.

Roughly speaking, the batches of mothers and children which leave for The Army's Camps at Sandy Hook number around a hundred, and before the season closes it is hoped that over a thousand needy cases will have been accommodated. Adjutant and Mrs. Acton have proved to be first-class camp managers and the Adjutant has, with his bright evening gatherings for the young folks, impressed their young hearers for better things. With Captain Finney and her kitchen staff busily supplying wholesome meals, and Captain Grey and Lieutenant Kerr responsible for special duties, the Camp this year has been the centre of a splendid work.

A Pacific Paradise

What has been, and is being accomplished at the Sandy Hook Fresh-Air Camp is also being duplicated in various parts of the Territory. At Hopkin's Landing, a beautiful spot on the Pacific Coast, The Army has recently established a splendid Fresh-Air Camp and here large numbers of needy families from the cosmopolitan city of Vancouver are accommodated with benefit and blessing to all concerned.

Among the welcome visitors to the Fresh-Air Camp at Sandy Hook during the last weekend were the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Miller, and Lt.-Colonel Sims. The genial presence of these comrades added considerably to the pleasure of the Campers and many activities were participated in. Included in these were the presentation of prizes in connection with camp inspection and a monitor bonfire on the beach.

Sunday morning, Colonel Miller was the chief speaker at a delightful Meeting held under the trees for the children and mothers. Lt.-Colonel Sims and Adjutant Acton took a prominent part in the gathering and were in their native element. Lieut. Kerr led a song service in the evening which was also greatly enjoyed.

The Centenary Call Campaign

"Put on the Whole Armour of God"

was seen making patch-work quilts, one painting dresser scarfs, and another sat nursing a rag doll all day. The Commandant is very faithful in her task of caring for these old folk.

At Edmonton "Grace"

Edmonton Grace Hospital was the last on the list of Institutions visited. Commandant Pettigrew is bravely holding the fort, and we were pleased to find her in much better health than on previous occasions. Everyone was happy and working for the betterment of those who come to us for care. A number of private patients were in, and the hooking was good during the few days we were there. The whole place had its usual fresh, spotless appearance with the sun shining in through the windows giving warmth and health to the inmates. The writer met the inmates together for a short time, prayed with them and gave counsel, and many were the eyes that were dimmed with tears.

We wish that all readers of the "War Cry" could visit these hospitals and Homes and realize the work which is being done behind the scenes by the noble band of women workers every day in the year. Kindly remember them in your prayers.

The League of Mercy Secretary in each centre reports progress in their work of visiting Hospitals and Homes from week to week. This is a noble and worthy work.

As we review this work, our hearts burn within us and we are filled with gratitude to the God who has called us to be co-workers with Him.

Four visitors from Regina called in at the Territorial Headquarters last week. They were Corps Treasurer and Mrs. (Y.P.S.-M.) Hobson, and Corps Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Fulton, all of the Citadel Corps. Our Comrades motored all the way from the Saskatchewan Capital.

TUNE INDEX

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The old song says "Here is no rest," and it is true that the follower of Jesus must ever be on the move—ever fighting, always on campaign duty, but as one battle eases and we move camp, and strike our tents at the bidding of God, allowing no tradition, however rich, to wall us in, permitting no past to tie or tether our souls—in these divine quests and adventures there is no rest.

As we strike our tents at the bidding of God, allowing no tradition, however rich, to wall us in, permitting no past to tie or tether our souls—in these divine quests and adventures there is no rest.

As we fight our own private battle with growing enlightenment as to the things yet to be subdued within us, as we are passing through the purgatorial fires through our more sensitive consciousness of what is sin, as we are shaken with the noble anxieties that become the possession of men of vision and ideal, there is not much tranquility or rest.

Yet through these experiences we are qualifying to enter that rest that God now enjoys. Suffering with Him, we shall reign with Him in that time when death is swallowed up in victory, when good, the final goal of ill, is attained, and God shall wipe away all tears from all faces, and the reign will be a reign of peace.

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So after the pilgrimage and warfare there is rest under the trees, the leaves of which are for healing.—A.E.W.

ADE TO ORDER

From Heathendom to Welcome Army Car

tem in a dispute from concerning a recent tour by Colonel Sauer, the nander, tells the good raw heathen won for mally discloses the fact es there are using the od advantage.

w. Society opened its day. Here fifty souls over from heathendom. I got within a few miles was asked to leave the travel on the road the le to bring the visitor to he had taken them two and was three miles in as parades how well car having no difficulty estimation. Two of the ep for the car to climb, willing converts gave a p was reached in safety.

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of God the

He was the victim of a little misunderstanding, and the facts were not quite fully fixed in the mind of little Paulina Savitsky, from somewhere in the North End, who gazed at the moon the first night of her holiday at the Beach, and found it imperfect. "Your moon," she said, "is not as round as ours." She had, obviously, not understood such discussions on astronomical facts as she had had at school.



+ A REST REMAINETH +

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FROM THE CITY TO THE COUNTRY

These are the days when benevolent people have been asked to assist. The army in sending city children to the country alongside, and whose helps such turns to a few hours or days of its pleasure does a good work.

It is with eagerness that most of them welcome the chance of a country holiday, and I have only heard of one boy who yet refused to consider such an invitation. "No, thank you," he said. "I could rather not go. I hear they have washing machines in the country, and I had enough at home, where father lets it by hand."

He was the victim of a little misunderstanding, and the facts were not quite fully fixed in the mind of little Paulina Savitsky, from somewhere in the North End, who gazed at the moon the first night of her holiday at the Beach, and found it imperfect. "Your moon," she said, "is not as round as ours." She had, obviously, not understood such discussions on astronomical facts as she had had at school.

Muddlethrough Brigade Gives a Festival

THE preliminaries over, Captain Oil, who was acting as chairman of the Songster festival, stepped forward to introduce Songster Leader X. Queses and the Muddlethrough Songster Brigade.

"Give them a little encouragement," said he. "We did! It was the Brigade's first visit to us, and we would show them what a friendly lot of folk we were."

The applause dying out, "Now, friends," announced the chairman, "the first item is to be a vocal march. A little more encouragement!" We again readily gave it, during which time Brother X. Queses was seen shaking his head vigorously at Captain Oil, and we caught one or two words like, "Thought I told you."

"Oh! sorry, friends," said the chairman, smiling, "the Songster Leader tells me the programme's altered. It's to be 'Anchored' instead."

When the following item was announced, Brother X. Queses, strangely enough, faced the audience instead of the Brigade, as he wished to ask that we would "bear with the Brigade," as the piece had hardly been practised once, and some were not quite sure of it. But they would do their best!

At the conclusion of the item we thought how good it was of the dear fellow to have given us this warning beforehand. "Very thoughtful of him," we whispered.

Something Else was Missing

We found ourselves alert when it was announced that "the next is a solo." "Lost" by Sister Primrose Nester. There was some commotion of some kind going on around the place where the soloist was sitting. Something was missing apparently; she looked in her music case, then under the seat, and glared somewhat suspiciously at those near her. Then, turning a flushed face to the Songster Leader, she whispered, "Left it behind—awfully sorry!" The solo was indeed "Lost."

Brother X. Queses looked angry, but hastily donning an artificial smile, he announced, "Dear friends, our comrade has unfortunately forgotten the music so"—turning to the chairman—"we'll have to miss that."

Captain Oil, apt at smoothing the troubled waters, smiled kindly, while Brother X. Queses suggested singing the chorus: "I love Him better every day," while the Songsters got the next piece ready.

Following this chorus, sung four times, the chairman announced that the next item would be a Brigade piece called, "Be in time." The conductor raised his baton, the Brigade prepared their vocal organs, when suddenly Brother X. Queses whelled round. "Dear comrades, I ought to explain that this is a very difficult piece, and my star tenor and two leading sopranos haven't yet arrived; I really

feel, therefore, that I must again ask you to bear with us, and we'll struggle through somehow."

Having borne with him once already, we somehow feel less sure of being able to bear any more. Still, we would be charitable.

The missing stars appeared half-way through, and coming to the aid of their much-disturbed Songster Leader, helped the Brigade to weather the storm with "Be in time."

We had all been waiting for item five on the programme—a vocal quartet from the work of a Great Master. Coming forward, the comrades were at some pains to take up their right positions, share out the music, and obtain the correct pitch; during which time Brother X. Queses, being "Sorry for the delay," suggested we should sing another chorus, and sent us back again on the ever-ready, "I love Him better every day."

At last, the quartet. Strangely enough, two of the singers had exchanged parts by some mishap, and Sister Shirill discovered something wrong with the bass part, while Brother Deeps could hardly be expected to negotiate a top G.

But good Captain Oil, with unexampled forbearance and charity, reminded us that "accidents, of course, will happen," after which the quartet got well away.

"After the next item," then announced the chairman, "we'll have the collection." I glanced at my cap and my little son sitting next to me.

Stammered and Came to a Gentle Half

The piece which followed was announced as a recitation, entitled, "Beautiful Home." It may have been merely a coincidence, but the same thought had been running through my mind. Songster Stophanthink, after giving good promise, suddenly stammered, repeated her last clause, and came to a gentle halt.

Brother X. Queses was on his feet at once, telling us that it was "only right" that he should say that "the good sister had only commenced learning the recitation last night, and had been at work all day," etc. etc. We did our best to bear with her. Prompted behind by good Captain Oil, Songster Stophanthink finished her "Beautiful Home."

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PRESSIVE MARCH

minster (Adjutant Fletcher Eby), New Westminster going ahead in the name of us are still proudest and greater manifestations of spirit among the people of.

Mrs. Carter visited us clad in the native costume gave us a wonderful lecture my work among the people. There were a number of trades of the Corps attired s of India and they made a sight as they marched at the Open-Air stand.

-Major Prowse announced d we had a good audience. Meeting, We gave the best attention and listened rest to the stories of India superstitions of the people that the true light of us Christ shall be spread h all these heathen lands bowing down to idols of. -W. Fitch.

Captain Stahl and Lieut. adier and Mrs. Carter paid t to Rossland on August as arranged for the young which twenty-five listened the words of counsel.

the inside Meeting, twelve in Indian costume, at-on-Air. This created in number of people who the Brigadier's inspiring e. Open-Air followed the Hall where a large crowd. The Brigadier's word ported his hearers to that f mystery—India, and he with an earnest appeal to ple to offer their lives for

OTED TO GLORY

s. G. Hill, Moose Jaw

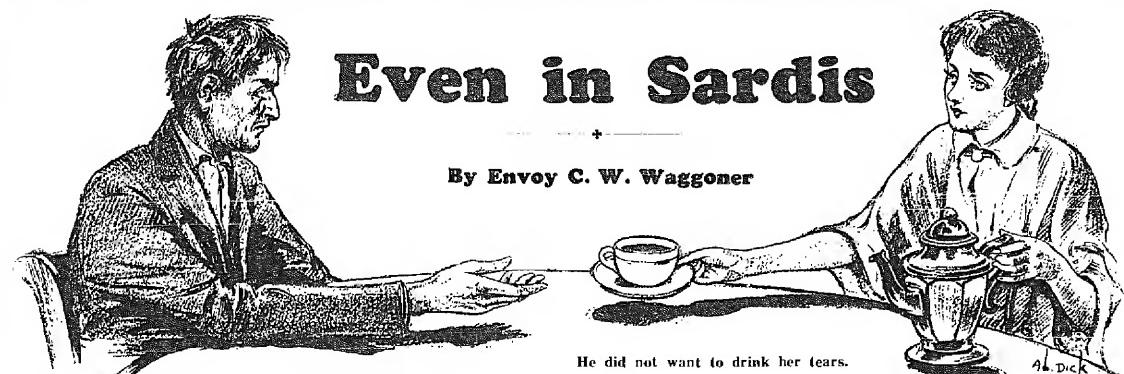
Coris has recently suffered cannot easily be expressed s. in the death of Sister Mrs. Bandsman G. Hill, wife of Captain G. Hill, at holiday with her parents s., Alberta, she was struck



took place in the Bradfield during a very restful which the Band played. Glory," many here and there were said. And this succeeded to Rosedale me- remains of our dear their last resting place.

cial Service was held the day, a very solemn and quiet. In the afternoon it was the unique pleasure of the men of the "Dead Men's Band" to enter the home of Sister Mrs. Vincent Rowett soloed, the specially arranged "Glory," and the Band. Glory." Ensign R. three souls survived.

that God will be bereaved ones—the dear little Rose Marie. Rex"



By Envoy C. W. Waggoner

He did not want to drink her tears.

A. Dick 1928

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

CAPTAIN ALAN BRISTOW, with his wife, comes to the factory town of Sardis to take command of the local corps of The Salvation Army there. They find much work awaiting them. The Army is not yet well established, being a drunkard and backslider. Shortly after their arrival in Sardis there comes to them a young woman named Helen Ormond, who is in great trouble. She has been unkindly treated by others. They take her in and see her through her trouble, and she afterwards comes to live in the quarters with them. Officer O'Donnell seeks their aid in trying to locate her son, Bob Taylor, who disappeared from home some months previously. A strike is called in Sardis which ties up the town and brings great distress among the poor. In trying to help the poor, Captain Bristow calls on Mr. Murray, the wealthiest man of the community, who consents to furnish coal for the poor, and milk for the babies. A large amount of money is given out, and many of the people are saved. Among those who are converted at this time is Will Coulter. Helen Ormond, gifted with the ability to rhyme, writes and tells the story of the salvation of the soul. When she hears that her parents have come into town through the strike, she sends the money she has earned to them, but her father returns it to her. She goes to him and asks him to let her join the strike ends, and when Captain Bristow offers to free Mr. Murray from his obligation to lay out the poor, the rich man does not wish to be released from his promise. After a long time, Officer O'Donnell is converted in one of the meetings he holds at the Quarters, and they become reconciled. Now, after a few days, Captain Bristow, the Divisional Officer comes to Sardis for special meetings over the weekend. On this occasion Captain and Mrs. Brinsford are promoted to be Ensigns. Mr. Murray is taken into ill and Mrs. Brinsford goes to him and asks him about his son. To his great joy, he finds Mr. Murray a very real Christian. He is telling his secret to his wife on his return when the phone rings and answers it. It turns out to be his son, Bob, who has been drinking again. "Will Coulter is drinking again," he said. "Sergeant-Major Lachlin and I are going to try to find him."

CHAPTER XII

Seeking a Lost Sheep

"O ALAN, isn't it terrible!" cried Mrs. Bristow in deep distress as her husband told her that Will Coulter was drinking again.

"I am going to meet the Sergeant-Major. We will try to find him, and do what we can for him. I was so happy, too, over Mr. Murray! The devil never sleeps!" And his eyes boyishly filmed over with tears.

"I am glad Sergeant-Major is going with you after Will. I hope you soon find him. Bring him here when you do. I will make some strong black coffee, and have it all hot and ready for you when you come. And I will pray while you are out seeking for him. Poor Will!"

So they started on their round of the saloons in search for the sheep who had strayed from the fold. In most of the places both of them were well known, and were greeted in a friendly manner by the men gathered there. But though in most cases the men were disposed to be friendly, it soon proved doubtful that they would receive any assistance from them in their search. When on one or two occasions they had inquired if any of the men had seen Will Coulter that evening they met with denials given with such an air of innocence as to be suspicious; however, for all that, their search was not a long one, for in the fifth saloon they entered they found Will. He was in a back room with Bob Taylor and three or four other men. Their advent into the room was hailed with scant welcome. Bob Taylor particularly resented their coming, for he knew well that they had come to take Will away with them.

So thinking to sting Will into a frame of mind to resist them he said, with a

sneer that was but ill concealed. "Hey, Will; look who's here! Here's a couple of your nurses come to take little boy home and put him to bed!" But in this the devil overshot his mark, for the words had an opposite effect than that hoped for. They stung Will, but not in the way they had been expected to do. He was drunk, but not drunk enough that he could forget all the fellowship of the past weeks and months, and in his befuddled frame of mind Bob Taylor was attacking and slurring his best friends, and he was prompt to resent it.

"Shut your face!" he bade him wrathfully, his eyes which had been dulled by drink, flaming with a quick light of resentment. "You can't insult m' friend that way! Bes' frien' I ever had, too!" He rambled on wrathfully in a maudlin sort of way.

"Come on, Will, we want you," said the Sergeant-Major, catching Will by the arm affectionately and paying but scant attention to the rest of the men.

Seized by a Terrible Remorse

On a corner they found a drug store which was still open, and they took Will inside and got him a stiff dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia. He struggled and coughed as the breath-taking draught went down. Then they were out into the fresh air of night again, walking him briskly, and it was not long till the effects of the drink began to wear off. But as his mind began to clear he was seized by a terrible remorse. He sounded the very depths of the slough of despond.

"Go away and leave me," he urged bitterly; "can't you see that it's no use to try to do anything for me? I'm not worth the saving—there's not enough manhood left in me to save. I'm doomed to Hell anyhow, so let me go! Why torture yourselves and me by trying to stop what is inevitable?"

"Will, lad, why did you ever do this?" asked Sergeant-Major Lachlin, his voice wonderfully kind and soft with the burr of Scotland that manifested itself when he was deeply moved or stirred, as now. "You were doin' somethin' wretched, why did you not stick, lad?"

Will threw up an arm in a tormented gesture. "Don't ask me," he cried in a broken tortured voice; "I don't know! Before God, I don't know! It is in me and I can't help it! Don't think I didn't try, for I did! I did try! God knows I tried, but it was no use!" His voice grew sharp in despairing protest. He was broken and utterly hopeless. "Look at how I've repaid all your love and kindness! I've proved myself to be utterly worthless, so please let me go. I'm going to Hell anyhow, so let me make a quick job of it! A short race and a merry."

The Sergeant-Major caught him by the shoulders and shook him roughly. "Get rid of that idea, Will!" he said, and though his voice was stern, it was also tender with a wealth of love in it.

You Are Not Going to Hell!

Ensign Bristow caught Will by the arm and held it tightly as he said to the broken and shaken man, "You are not going to Hell, Will! There are too many prayers in the way; too much love! Do you think God will let the faith and prayers of your dear dead wife go unanswered?"

"But she is gone!" protested Will sharply. "If she had stayed, who can tell? But she's gone!"

"But that doesn't mean that she is not

praying for you yet," said the Ensign quickly. "When she was here she only asked God by faith, and often in the darkness; now she is in His presence, and asks Him face to face, and I doubt not asks with a fervor that was all unknown to her here. And your mother, too; she never doubted but that you would be saved and brought to Heaven. They have not lost interest because they are no longer here."

"Do you think they still care?" asked Will, started by this thought which was new to him. "Do you think that there in the glory and brightness of that world they are still interested in me? My God! If they can see me now, how do you think they must feel?" and he spread his hands in a gesture of despair and gave a hollow laugh that broke into a sob in his throat.

"I don't think that they know of your condition now. God kindly veils those things from them that would mar their perfect happiness there, but I am sure that they know that you are coming to them in the end. That same day, by and by, you will share with them the glory and brightness which is now theirs."

"I wish to God I were there now!" returned Will drearily. "I don't see why I didn't die before I yielded to the tempter again!"

"But why did you yield, Will?" asked the Sergeant-Major kindly. "You were doing so well; what came along that swept you off your feet?"

"I don't know," replied Will despondently; "I don't know really. I don't think it was any one thing. I was restless. Just restless all over."

I was swept as by a mighty gale that made me forget everything till I had a glass of it in my hand. It was too late then, I was lost. So there you are! You can see how hopeless my case is! What's the use of trying to do anything for me? Let me go!"

Not Hopeless with God

"Your case may be hopeless, perhaps, so far as you or we are concerned," interposed the Ensign, "but not hopeless with God. With Him nothing is impossible. Come now, we are going to the quarters where Mrs. Bristow has some hot black coffee ready for us."

At these words the wretched man broke away from them with a sharp cry.

"No!" he cried stridently. "No! I'm not going there! Do you think I want her to see me like this?"

"Come now, old chap." The Ensign again caught him by the arm and spoke quietly to calm him. "She is expecting you! She said to be sure to bring you, and she will be much disappointed if you do not come. She is praying for us now."

"God bless her!" said Will, a rush of tears stinging his eyes. "She has helped me many, many times in the past months."

Then bitterly again, "And look how I've rewarded her faith in me! Look at me now!"

When her husband had gone from her into the night to hunt for Will Coulter Mrs. Bristow had at first been too shaken and disappointed by the shocking news of Will's defection to do anything but weep. Then she had pulled herself together and began to make a pot of strong, black coffee, and soon its spicy odor filled the room. Then she had gone to pray for the seekers, but more for the poor black sheep for whom they sought.

Afterwards she thought of Frank

Coulter the Bandmaster. She wondered how he would take this new debouch of Will's. She was undecided whether to call him or not. If she could only be sure he would not flare up in the old, unsympathetic way she would like to have him here when they brought Will in. He might be able to help him if he were here, but she could not be sure about it. Finally, she decided to call him. It would at least give him the opportunity to help his brother. When she got through to him on the phone and had told him, there was little in the tone of his voice that told her how he had taken the news. However, he had told her that he was coming to the Quarters as soon as he could get there. So she again gave herself to prayer while she waited for the coming of those she expected.

Atmosphere Charged with Uncertainty

Frank arrived first. When she left him in at the front door in response to his ring, she narrowly searched his face. He appeared rather shaken and pale, but said nothing. There was little about him to tell of the attitude of his mind, in what his reception of Will would be. And there was not much time for her to find out anything from him for almost at once the others were there. They came the back way, and as she opened the door to admit them she felt the atmosphere charged with uncertainty.

Will Coulter came in with his head hanging in a shamed way. He was not yet altogether sober, but he was much improved from the condition in which they had found him at the first. When he saw his brother Frank it was with a show of surprise for he had not known that he would be there. Now his head came up a bit and a doubtful look swept across his face. The other two men also were surprised to find Frank there, and they, too, were in doubt as to what the outcome of the meeting of the brothers would be. But they were not long lost in doubt. The Bandmaster went quickly to where Will was standing, and, placing an arm around his shoulder, he said brokenly, "Will, old man, I'm terribly sorry!" There was no rebuke in his voice, no recrimination, only a sincere sorrow, and it had more effect on Will than anything that had yet taken place. His face slowly colored and his head drooped once again.

Mrs. Bristow was greatly moved by the meeting of the brothers, and her tears started afresh. To cover her emotion she quickly filled a cup with the hot and fragrant black coffee and prepared to give it to Will.

Tears Splashed into the Coffee

Then something happened that had a more sobering effect on him than the aromatic spirits of ammonia, the brisk walking in the crisp air, or the meeting with Frank. As Mrs. Bristow, blinded by her tears, extended the cup to him two of those shining, crystal tears splashed into the coffee.

This was unseen by any but Will himself. He was in desperate straits. He did not want to drink her tears! He could not very well tell her what had happened! And he would not for the world hurt her by refusing to drink the coffee she had prepared for this time. So he shut his eyes, and with a face that had gone strained and white he manfully drank the contents of the cup.

(To be continued)

